

*I twined a wreath while others slept.  
An ivy wreath. I worked and wept.  
It was not for the bonny bride,  
This verdant wreath at Christmas tide.  
It was not for the somber bier,  
This ivy wreath and briny tear.  
It was for love, devotion true,  
Beloved ones, I twined for you.*

Dr. Shipp to her children  
Christmas, 188—



*Ellis R. Shipp M.D.*